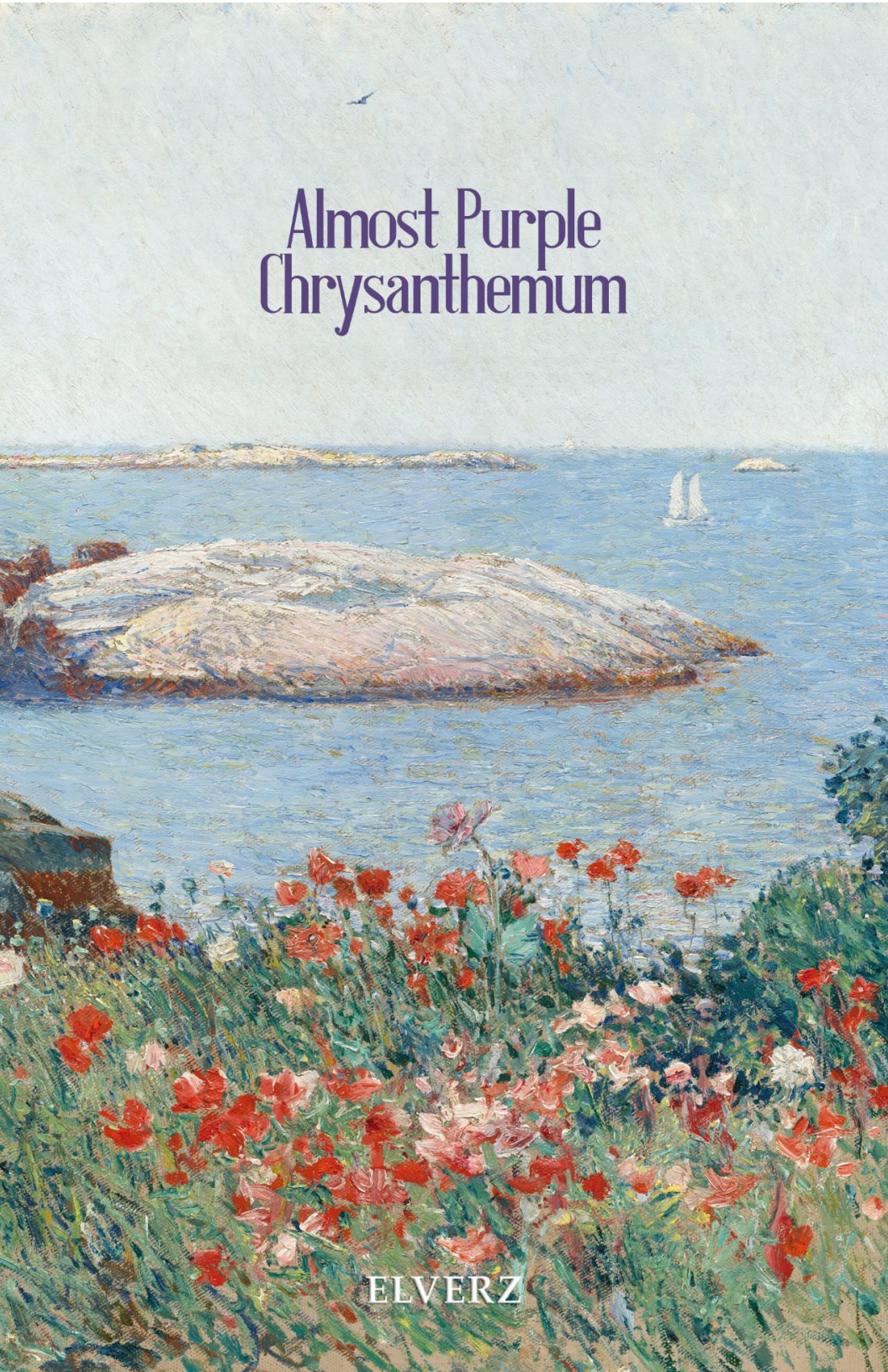
Almost Purple Chrysanthemum



ELVERZ

Almost Purple Chrysanthemum

A short poetry collection

ELVERZ

Sincere gifts of poetry for you
To you I owe everything

To God Be the Glory

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Almost Purple Chrysanthemum

Almost Purple Chrysanthemum

Young people easily fall out of society
I was obsessed with living in my younger days
Simply because I used to envision
A supposed better version of life

I was a kid, indecisiveness in my core
Like an almost purple Chrysanthemum
Almost faded purple, almost pale ivory white
It looks almost purple more than violet
Considering the vibrant red roses nearby

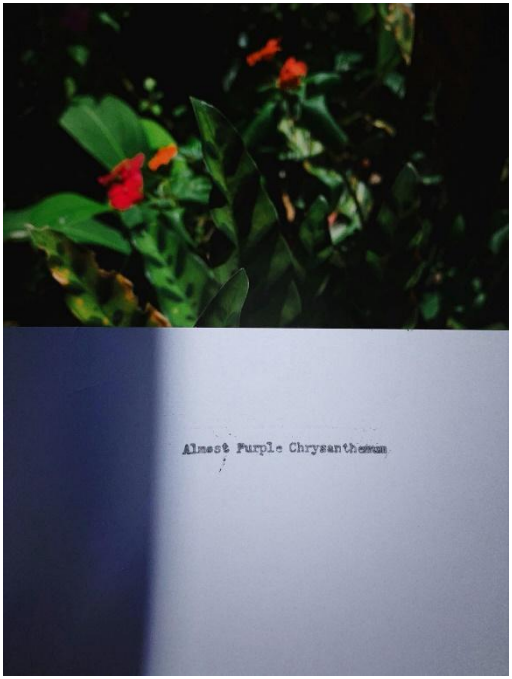
I was innocent and naive
But I am guilty and learning
I'm playing it all safe in this messed-up society
Don't get me wrong when it comes to people though
I feel them just like my countryside
Like I need it, as I want it
I live in the tropical vibes of Valencia
I live in the past, by the present, and with the passing of the others

I keep on coming back to the flip side
Cause I was looking for myself
Which I was enlightened but I kept in denial
I even thought I faced the greatest fall in my younger days
Clearly, I was wrong and so all these kids need help

I get lost in my mind sometimes
I just get lost in my mind

Happiness is simple, Sadness is complex
One cannot heal what one does not feel
Sometimes, I dwell in dark places out of my will
For healing can be found in sadness sometimes

First is my indigo, then their pitch black, and then our blues
Now, I choose shiny white and golden yellows
For there is beauty in sadness
Strange kind of sadness


Almost Purple Chrysanthemum

Shades of Faith

Walked down the dry concrete stairs
Turning back away
From the old open window
Past the warm bodies
They called me unholy

One peculiar mind
Two drowsy eyes
Three in the hot afternoon after
Four wild summers

You questioned my faith
I don't judge
That's not my job
Not extraordinary
But only human

Don't follow me
Or my ways
The same as you
All lost and all poor

But
I trust Him
Even if I thought of His absence
I found Him

Even in my constant denial
I have Him
Even for whoever I am

Ever hold my peace
Ever grasp my hope
Ever be repentant
Ever be grateful
Ever be loved
Ever baby

Maybe I sin too much
But I aim for more than Heaven
Maybe I speak too much
But I keep a few truths and lies like ocean

Forgive me
For the lies we breathe
Pardon me
For the temptations we choose to drink

Guide me
For the choices I make
Help me
For being me

I still talk to Him
The same prayer
I still need Him
The same life

I swear on my life

I always try
Swallowed white lies
For years now
Still counting on repeat
I'll make it, I'll fix it again
As if there's hope of getting better
I have blind faith if you will

But if I die trying
To please all of you
Be kind to write
My secrets and dreams
On top of my cold painted grave
Where the fools
And the wise men will visit

But in the meantime
For a lifetime
Please leave me in peace
For now, I'll write
Under the shade
Of my dying tree
Crossing out the wild words
Of my prime years
That later I'm about to tell you

A Miserable Lover

There is no right or wrong
When it comes to love
Most likely, a criminal's line
Or a lawless man's belief
Or maybe a sinner's opinion
I know I'm not infatuated
With you and your body
However, I know I'm lonely
God, I hate this
Will God ever forgive me?

I don't want to end up
Like my beloved Ramon
My lonely William
My Martisophiana with a dismal life
Or my unreal Ynnarah and the others
I know I'm in confusion
With love, with my only brother's incompatibility,
With my friends' disputes at times, you name it

But I know deep down I'm just like you
Capable of love, devotion, and having fidelity
Both as a social and a sexual being
I'm not quite unique on the exteriors though
A moment on your lips
Everlasting stain on my soul

Skyline, horizon at every edge of my sight
That's how I'm passionate about you

Sweety, Honey, Sweetheart, Baby
Darling, whatever you prefer
I'm the only one for you
You're the only one for me

I am never a mistress nor a wife
Nonetheless, my champion agrees with me
To let me love you like a woman
And I will treat you like a baby
For a brave woman inspires me
Just like a mother holding up her child
With pure love and dedication
Just like my Ma who loves me
So be my child, be my world
Be my everything

I am young, gentle, and affectionate
I love the beach even if it's not summertime
I have good humor but knows little
About mainstream and the likes
Just like my Pa with his newspaper at night
I feel beautiful and vulnerable at the same time
But not just the way you think
I wish you can look at me deeper
Other than looking at my flesh and my pale skin
Because if you will, I'm willing to trade
My belongings, my body, my soul, even my future
Hold me as if I'm smaller than your body

I'm fine with heartbreaks later on
Than never to be loved at all
I'm here for the change

My voices change
My ideals change
My faces change
So does my beauty change
And the things that I do
And will do in the future may also change
You might be unaware by the way
I know how to respect and praise
In consequence of a handful abuse at a very young age
Wait. Forget it.
Like how I lost consciousness due to pills
5 hours straight in our long trip
Going to Santa Catalina

And for real, I've got nothing to offer
Except secrets I don't know how to tell
Waiting for you
To pick me up again, To notice me
This is one of the few faces that I have
And I have more among other things
Only if you ask
Will you let me see your faces
Despite the fact that I don't deserve you?

You see, regardless of society
Your body's warmth next to me
Heaven is a place on Earth
When you're with me

Where There Is Light

It all started on the third Saturday weekend of November
Roughly a year after the popular film Titanic, 1998
Mine is Scorpio but I was more into ages and personalities
There is no going back, only forwards and sideways
Walking straight lines and desirable curves
As my eyes were gradually opened
My mind was keeping up with the pace
I slowly decided to forget counting the years
Much like how I lost my memories
Embedded in each poor Eucalyptus trees
Cut down by the mayor's machines
Afterward though, there were movements and shifts

One last summer afternoon for us
We were clueless
For the last moments we had
Last tag, last hide and seek
Last secrets to show and tell
Last stories we each made up
We asked for more but then we went home
We're far from each other now
My dear older friends
Little ones united by our differences
Different yet the same
The same upbringing, The same childhood
We were bounded by the same walls

The same people, The same free television shows
We're not leaving this town, not just yet

Being young feels like summer
I don't care if it ends today
Because I know that next time around
This time of the year it'll all come back
Just like the leaves of Mahogany
They change and will change again
Never afraid to show their bold colors
Silly me, it crossed my mind
I wish I was brave and steadfast like them

Lately, I can't get this out of my mind
Every day seems like the end of summer
We don't know when it will all come back
We're not like the Acacia trees
With old falling branches
I'm not sure again but something's lost
Something's changed

Fast forward to 4 years in studies
Taking the significant things lightly
You thought I was rich, but Honey
I live under the rusty roofs
Built by conservative baby boomers
Near the elementary school that I hate to go to
In spite of that, I love them very much
But forgive me, not all of their kind
The 90s had passed
Throwing away our television sets
Signals confusing you and me

The 2000s, the cool kids, and the trends
The cool kids get sad but know how to party the right way
Again, I wish I was brave and fun like that
But I just get sad and get even more sad
Day by day, sad and just sad
Then now, I don't even understand

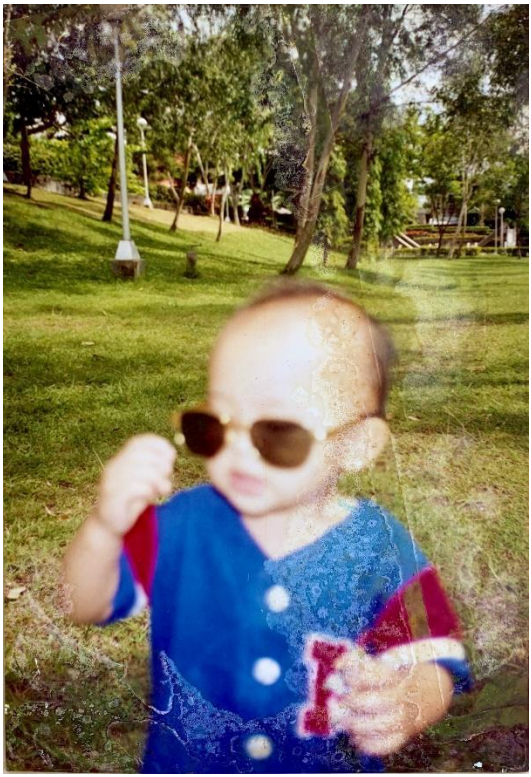
I used to gamble with cheap coins that rust
And tokens that take morals out of you
With strangers who care for me
With the life I once had
And with the life that I'll have

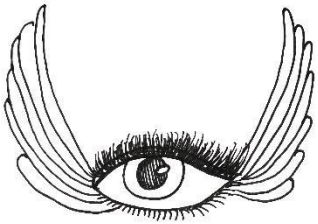
But I always don't take risks
Like most people do
Vices weren't my thing 'til 20s
While no one knows
Sometimes I get high
Then I sigh
And visit my ethereal friends
At least I can stay away
From being me again for a while
It's shocking for the first time
But you'll get used to it

I rarely go to church
Unlike the kids in the named streets
But I am firm as to what I believe
For I couldn't write what I write
Or sing the songs of the longings of my heart
Without a certain form of belief

Then I found my poetry
Like my ultimatum
Life or Death
Beginning or Ending
Take it or leave it
This history that I have
Might sound awful and sad
I too have disliked it
Even my present self
Although I have more than all of that
I wonder how will I get to the next chapter
The next verse of my sins
The next words to use
The next letter I'll write and tie to a dove's feet
Each one will receive and read the message I reveal
See the faces They'll make when it's time for a change

"Summer will end soon enough, and childhood as well."





The Greatest Fall

Every night, right before I sleep
I contemplate and think about myself
I stare at the cheap ragged wood ceiling of my room
As if it was lit with a million stars
But all I see are these corners filled with darkness
Old dusty faded curtains
And a dying fluorescent lamp.

I start to let my tears drop
As if it was a hobby to pass time
My sleeping pill was just right on time
I had no lover and I wasn't as good to be one
Perhaps, I had no right to wish to have one.

Problems were my frequent visitors at night
Talking to them and friends alike
"Why me of all these kids in this world?" I asked
Hundreds of screams
Only in my dreams
Life imbalance with blurry teenage dream
Oh, this reminds me of the dying American dream
Spreading across the kids of the city of lights
But I was born and raised in the middle
We were the kids of the town of lamps and of the city of lights
2 decades of wandering and fighting
I thought I was finer if I was sober for life
I thought I was strong because I was still alive

I thought I surpassed my past burdens
But it turned out, I only let the time pass by.
The scariest juncture I had
Not the time that I was so sad
Particularly, one split-second moment
In one moonless night
Couldn't feel anything
Mind's not working
It would seem like a failure of a panic attack
I knew that moment was lethal
So I just wish you'll remember me
If I unexpectedly sleep eternally
I apologize in advance
For he won't let me live.

But I declared to find my resolution
Not for myself who I failed so many times
But for the few people who love me
I woke up.

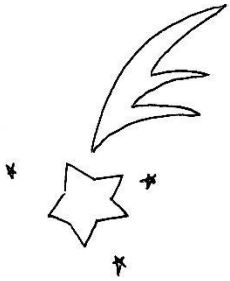
Silent storm was over and enough
I immediately trailed what surrounded me
Surrounded by scared people
Scared of getting old
Scared of thinking about the future
For all of that, I still dwell.

I was a lifesaver, one point for me
I still have the same crisis, a point for Them
I'm exhausted, used, depreciating, and failing, points for Them.

Until my summer ends and will never return
Until my services are no longer needed
Until my art doesn't work anymore
Until my youth ends
Until my beauty fades away
Until I can impress you no more
What is my worth then?

All I ever wanted is to be loved
Not for what I can do
But for who I am.

I'm now a lost kid in the park
Trying to get found and return home
But Ma and Pa once told me
You are already home
Where you feel loved
Let it be, let it be
Repeat after me.



Anticipation of Forever

7 years down and I still don't know who I was
I'm still pondering about our stories I promised to forget
Not to you who I waited for
Not to you who I love the most
Not to you who did not pay me back
It's not me softly saying goodbye now
I cannot forget
Public high school building
Stupid open stairway
Near the counselor's office
Where we exchanged our very first gifts
I remember They talked about us the next day
Felt funny and unsophisticated
Yet intensely desired
What was I thinking?
What were you thinking?
It looks like the universe conspired to make it happen
It must have happened by no accident, of course
I'm easily surprised, you know me well
Even when you left me and I know you would
I'm not just good at anticipation, I guess

You didn't teach me how to draw
But you were so good at it
You can sing and I wasn't confident like that when I sing
We were in the same room for how many times

Many times I could picture them
Like my point-and-shoot camera film of 2002

Sweat droplets slowly falling
On top of my porcelain forehead
I knew it when someone's dear to me
Written on your name tag sounds Italian, but you're not
You can be my homeowner if you want
I thought of mentioning it
On your rough pale hands with lovely creases
I drew my name on it
I asked you to wait, and you did
Quite a few almost summer late afternoons
Even so, there was no meaning of it
And even so, you're still mine
So live with it

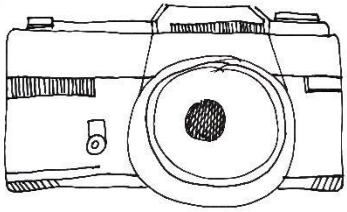
Then I asked you
You who never learned to reciprocate
Such love and attention I have given
"I might not be your preference. So why?"
I received a much more complex reply
"For my interest in you is no longer about my orientation
Only the entirety of your existence."
I am too in some way
But what the hell?
Those words were never proven
You just don't want to hurt me
Face to face
But you already did
So stop playing me
With your mind games

So I just added
But only in my mind
As I blankly stare in your dark brown eyes
“I wish we could waste our time…”

I’m pathetic, I know
I’m getting older, I know
I ride my Honda 120 bound to boulevard for no reason
Watching city lights up close
Being dramatic under the lamp post
Tried smelling salty air
But it didn’t work
Went to the town plaza
City parks and city malls
Spying on those French kissing love birds
Never been to a club or a bar before
Having said that, I felt less provocative
But not enough
Felt like I’m nothing but problematic
But when I was one of the free little ones
I remembered I cared nothing
About lust or desperation or longing
Romance is for the grown-ups
And the only love I know was universal
I miss my innocence and my eccentricity
It was definitely the real me
But for now, forever ago was gone

In forever ago
You were my first
But certainly not my last
You were too early

And I was not ready
Even now I am grateful
For once in my life
I felt insane and pretty
So I'm leaving by the end
Only by the end of the time



Inevitable Acceptance

I like standing on the corner street
Across the local gas station
It feels like I'm on a beachside
With a light breeze of cold air
But I see no ocean of water in front of me
I enjoy looking at the ocean of people
Rushing back and forth

I never understood who I was before
I only know that I am complicated and flowing
Great as a little one
Not so when I became a Fully Grown Baby
For I have so many firsts up until the present

Like the first secret trip through Santo Rosario
Like the first real psychedelic at my friend's house on Christmas Day
Like the first heartache that no one ever knew
Like the first time, I flew on an airplane all alone

I think I'll have more
Regardless of my endeavors
I'll make my hair even longer
Or dye it once more
Then you'll never know who I was
And who I am

And who I'll ever be
For I'll go and flourish in the land of new names
Where people don't know my name
My history, my trademarks, and my possessions
Only auras and impressions
Struggles that I have, give colors to my life
And to the people that surround me as well
At least for this present moment
There is constant pain but there is constant change
Now, I can flow to the streams I admire

All this time and as my perpetual emotions exist
I thank God, Bless me
And this crowd of flawed individuals
For we chose nothing but life and its continuity
And for the beings who were caught up in their closing of curtains
Never got the chance to manifest once more, I pray

The headaches caused by middle-class priced coffee beans
The cold night-shift job and the little vouchers I receive
The dry smell of second-hand books
The natural beings who leave traces on my soul
The people who raised me
The flowers that bloom, die, and bloom again
I think I will do just fine

Put some shades on!
[0691]
_SUNSHINECOAST
HOT HOT HOT
SUN DAZE
Gardenia Blooms

Perpetual Surprise and Beyond

Though I'm creative and imaginative at heart
I'm an artist not because I express
But because I make my life complex
That even I don't understand
Life's complexity is my art

I am desired not because of my skin
I am admired not because of my intuition
I am adored not because of my rarity
I am loved for who I am

I am despised not because of my mistakes
        But because of my fears
I am disliked not because of my principles
        But because of my promises
I am mocked not because of my weaknesses
        But because of my strengths
I am hated for who I am

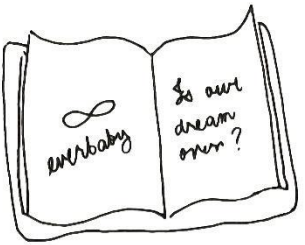
I am not the fruit of my circumstances
I am the outcome of my decisions, best to worst
I am the legacy of my Ma and Pa
I am who I am

In my lonesome town where people come and go
I still believe that one day I'll find my people
I still believe if you carry your childhood with you, you never become older
I still believe in the goodness of each soul regardless of proportion
I still believe we can be part of something greater than ourselves
I still dream to make our lives into a work of art
I still believe in innocence

I may be young in this old town
Trying to find my purpose
Like an almost purple Chrysanthemum
Growing in a moist dying backyard
Lost and searching at the moment
But They say
To dream is a power

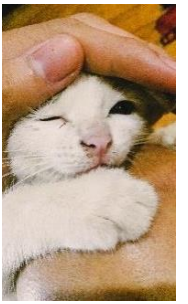
But hereafter, shall I dream even harder?
Shall we make this party called "life" prettier than ever?
Shall we manifest even harder?
Or is our dream over?

Is our dream over?


∞
everbaby
So our
dream
over?

To the people who left me for good
To the people who glance at what I do
To the strangers who discovered my crafts
To the beings who understand the secrets I share
To the numerous circles and beautiful crowds near me
To the souls who came upon my world and chose to stay
To my Ma and Pa
And, to Elis

Almost Purple Chrysanthemum *- Main Poem* || ***A Miserable Lover*** *- Afire*
Where There Is Light *- Through The Dark* || ***The Greatest Fall*** *- slot on my skin*
Anticipation Of Forever *- Leaving* || ***Inevitable Acceptance*** *– Coffee*
Shades of Faith *- Lawless* || ***Perpetual Surprise and Beyond*** *- End Poem*



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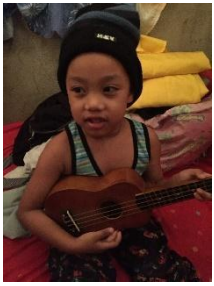
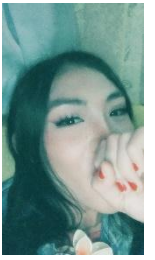
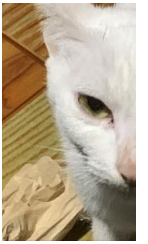


Almost
Purple
Chrysanthemum

CHAMPION
SALEM SHARKWIPE





About the Author

elverz is a Filipino singer, songwriter, amateur artist, and a young eccentric kid. The author's first book *Almost Purple Chrysanthemum* serves as a frame of reference for the author's few early songs.

"Kids Need Help!"

Notice

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